



CASTLES IN THE AIR,

THE WORDS BY

JAMES BALLANTINE,

AUTHOR OF "ILKA BLADE O' GRASS,"—"THE GADERLUNZIE'S WALLET,"—"THE NAMELESS LASSIE," &c.

THE

Symphonies and Accompaniments

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE,

BY

R. ADAMS.

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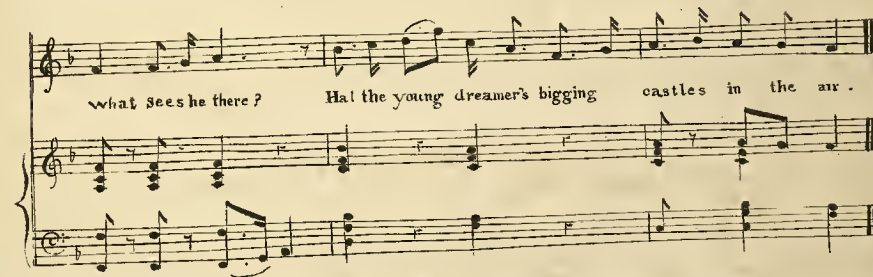
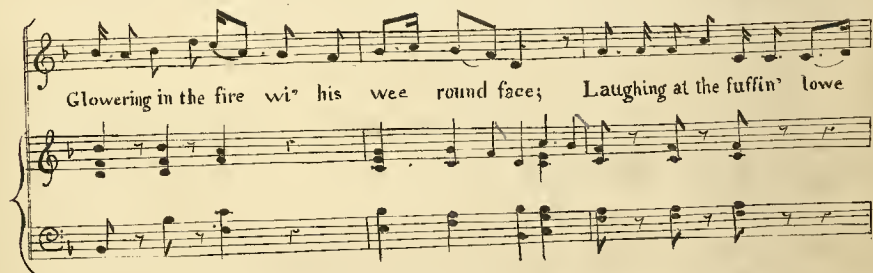
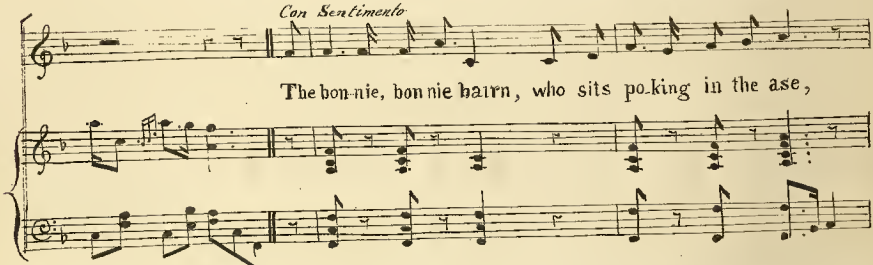


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Moderato.

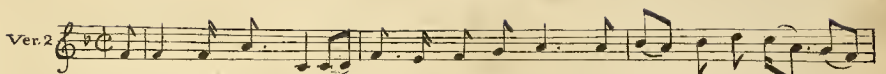


Con Sentimento




His wee chub-by face, and his tou-zie cur-ly pow, Are laughing and
nod-ding to the dan-cing lowe; He'll brown his ros-y cheeks, and
singe his sun-ny hair, Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

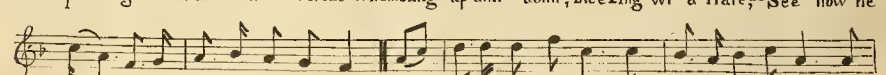
Ver. 2




He sees muckle castles towering to the moon! He sees little sodgers



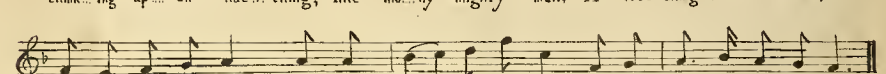
putting them a' down! Worlds whirling up and down, blazing wi' a flare, - See how he



lolls! as they glimmer in the air For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken? He's




thinking up on nae thing, like monny mighty men; A wee thing mak's us think, a




sma' thing mak's us stare - There are mair folk than him big ging castles in the air.


Ver. 3




Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld; His chin up on his buffy hand will




soon mak' him auld: His brow is bent sae braid, O pray that dad dy Care, Would let the wean a-



lane wi' his castles in the air! He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keel at the light! Bul



monny sparkling stars are swallowed up by night; Auld... er een than his are



glamoured by a glare, Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.